

Eating Peaches in Toulon

among its blue chateaux
and heavy lidded
dawns, I sit at table w/ an old
le Figaro
a glass of claret (blue)
in shadow
& a book of Bonnard's
France.

Flowers drip from last night's
rain into days of Epicurus.
The morning girls are saddest.
They smile without
smiling. Their stockings are lumpy.
They murmur watery songs.

Outside the roads are ochre
as Villon:
"Je suis Francois, dont il me poise..."

II

Vines reach up noon
walls of hot gold and hammered
bronze,
tongues
slake blue wine & the wet mouths and shadows of
the women eating peaches in Toulon.

III

Tables in a blue hotel
are chess squares on the marble
of eyes and faces
through the windows of Bonnard.
A black-green cat
jumps from broken lawn chairs
into shadows of my beer.
And the shadows of a ladies'
hair. It is on my face,
a grey coiffure of argument
and tangled rhetoric.

IV

The white rooms of blue chateaux
are best at night. A bowl of peaches
on a table by the moon;
shadows of rhetoric unfastened and undone,
the musk of women and Catholicism
derived from Albigenians.
Provence, the white roads
of summer balconies, the white
peach of womanhood.
Venus, first star
climbs from the window of Bonnard
out of a glass of wine
to the sea beyond.